BY
FRANK MILLER
AND DAVID
MAZZUCCHELLI
YEAR ONE PART 2
BATMAN
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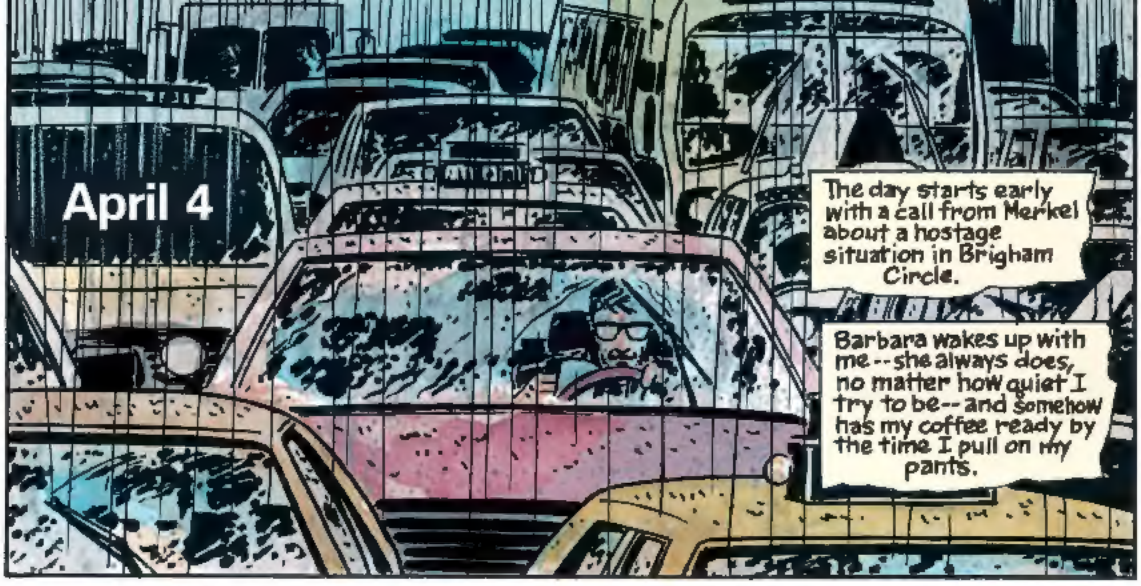
U.K. 40p
MAR 87
THE HISTORY OF THE DC UNIVERSE is must reading
MAZZUCCHELLI

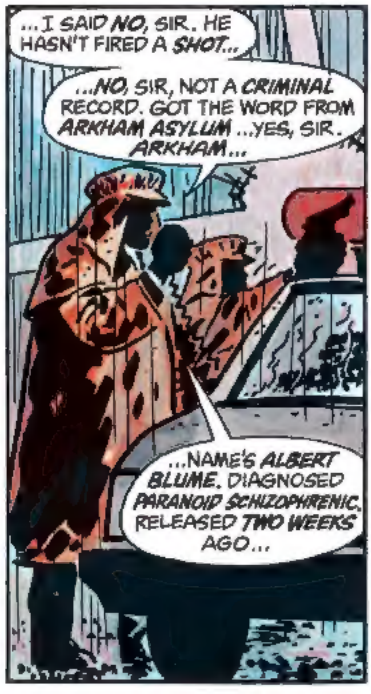

April 4
The day starts early with a call from Merkel about a hostage situation in Brigham Circle.
Barbara wakes up with me--she always does, no matter how quiet I try to be--and somehow has my coffee ready by the time I pull on my pants.

COME IN, MERKEL...
WORL GREA
The rain has worked its magic on the wiring of my head. Between Rice Krispy sounds I get every fourth word.

I'm two blocks from the action, my stomach lurching with the engine through backed-up traffic.

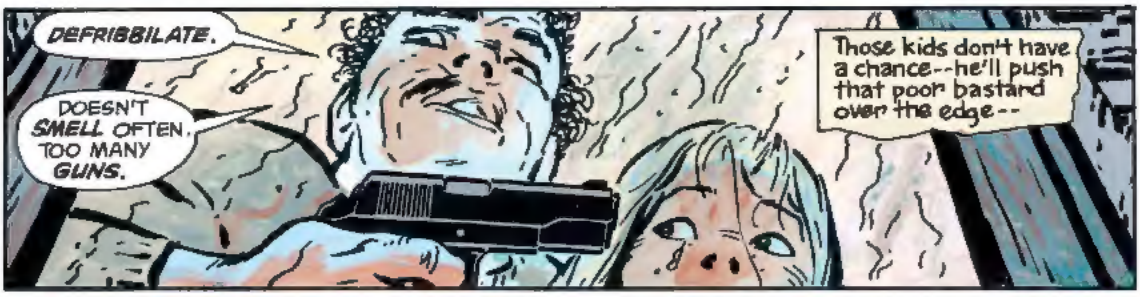
Damn rubberneckers...

NO CAN'T DON'T WANT ISN'T BLANK
Best I can tell, nobody's sure what the kidnapper wants. He isn't making much sense.
He's holding three children at gunpoint. Sounds like Merkel's got some background on him...


...I SAID NO, SIR. HE HASN'T FIRED A SHOT...
...NO, SIR, NOT A CRIMINAL RECORD. GOT THE WORD FROM ARKHAM ASYLUM ...YES, SIR. ARKHAM...
...NAME'S ALBERT BLUME. DIAGNOSED PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC. RELEASED TWO WEEKS AGO...

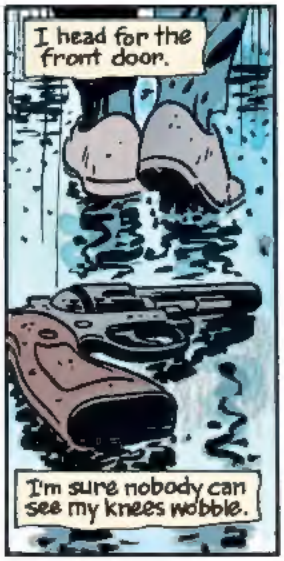
JESUS, YOU--
Coffee splashes in my lap, taking the last of the cotton from my mind.
Branden. Him and his lunatic gestapo.
It'll be a massacre.

WE'RE NOT HERE TO ARGUE, MERKEL. WE'RE HERE TO CLEAN THINGS UP.
AND I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF YOUR SOFT-HEARTED LIEUTENANT GORDON--
Last month Branden and his swat team calmed down a riot in Robinson Park.
Didn't even leave the statues standing.
OH, NO...
ALMOST HIT ME--
WHAT THE--
--CAN'T SEE WHAT'S--


DEFRIBBILATE.
DOESN'T SMELL OFTEN. TOO MANY GUNS.
Those kids don't have a chance--he'll push that poor bastard over the edge--

GORDON...
GO FIND YOUR OWN WAR, BRANDEN. OR I'LL HAVE YOU UP ON CHARGES.
WHFF
WHERE'D HE--
OH MAN IT'S GORDON--
I take the ugly weight off my hip...

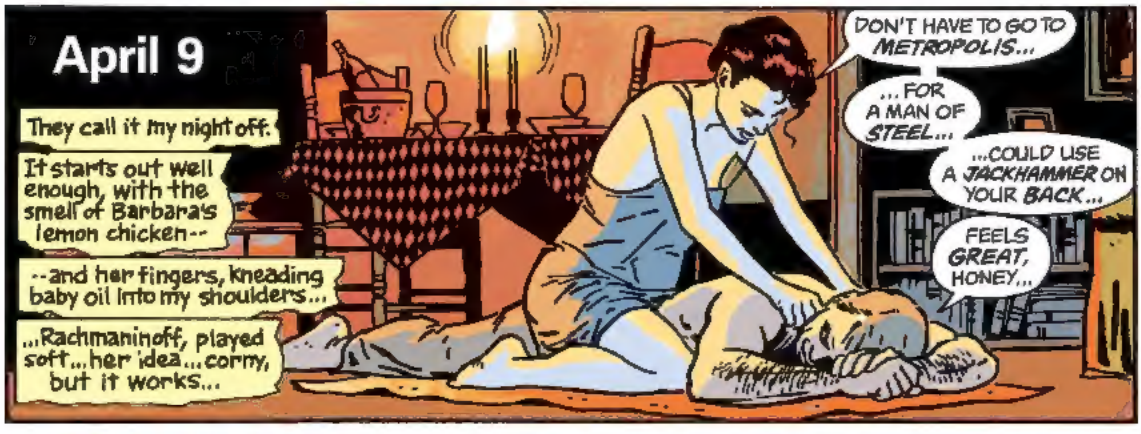
...I hold it up like a dead rat and pray that the man understands...
Behind me Branden curses.


I head for the front door.
I'm sure nobody can see my knees wobble.

I hope Barbara isn't watching.
I know she is.
LIEUTENANT GORDON HAS ENTERED THE BUILDING--NO SHOTS YET...
baby
The stairs creak, too loudly. A sneeze that's been building for twenty minutes just keeps threatening.
My nose drips. I don't have the nerve to wipe it.
The little girl is crying.
SPIDER NASTY DON'T NOISE IT--
--NO LUNCH. NO LUNCH.
I'LL ORDER OUT.
My shoes are full of icy rain. My feet are warm, compared to my stomach.
SAID NO LUNCH NO GANGRENE LUNCH.
I KNOW, I KNOW...
NO GANGR--
Poor kids must've been scared out of their wits.
Right. Like I wasn't.

April 5
HUMILIATED ME. IN FRONT OF MY MEN. HUMILIATED ME.
GILLIAN B. L
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE
NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, THAT ONE.
YOU DO KNOW I SYMPATHIZE, DON'T YOU, BRANDEN?
YES YOU DO. AND YOU KNOW I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO REMOVE HIM FROM SERVICE. MY GOOD FRIEND DETECTIVE FLASS HAS MADE SEVERAL SUGGESTIONS ALONG THESE LINES.
HERO COP
STOP
BUT WE MUST BE PATIENT. GORDON HAS THE PRESS ON HIS SIDE...
It kicks.
Gunpowder burns my eyes and fills my nostrils.
A wad of lead flies...
If that were a man--
--the wad would shatter his spine and he'd feel his legs go dead even as his heart explodes...
Another kick.
The wad would leave a neat, round hole and I'd see the horror in his eyes as it pushed half his brain through the back of his skull.
I hate the gun.
I hate my job.
I keep practicing.
April 6
Another kick.
Strong boy, little James...

...I pray he's very strong. And smart enough to stay alive.
How did I let this happen?
How did I screw up so badly...to bring an innocent child to life...
...in a city without hope...


April 9
They call it my night off.
It starts out well enough, with the smell of Barbara's lemon chicken--
--and her fingers, kneading baby oil into my shoulders...
...Rachmaninoff, played soft...her idea...corny, but it works...
DON'T HAVE TO GO TO METROPOLIS...
...FOR A MAN OF STEEL...
...COULD USE A JACKHAMMER ON YOUR BACK...
FEELS GREAT, HONEY...

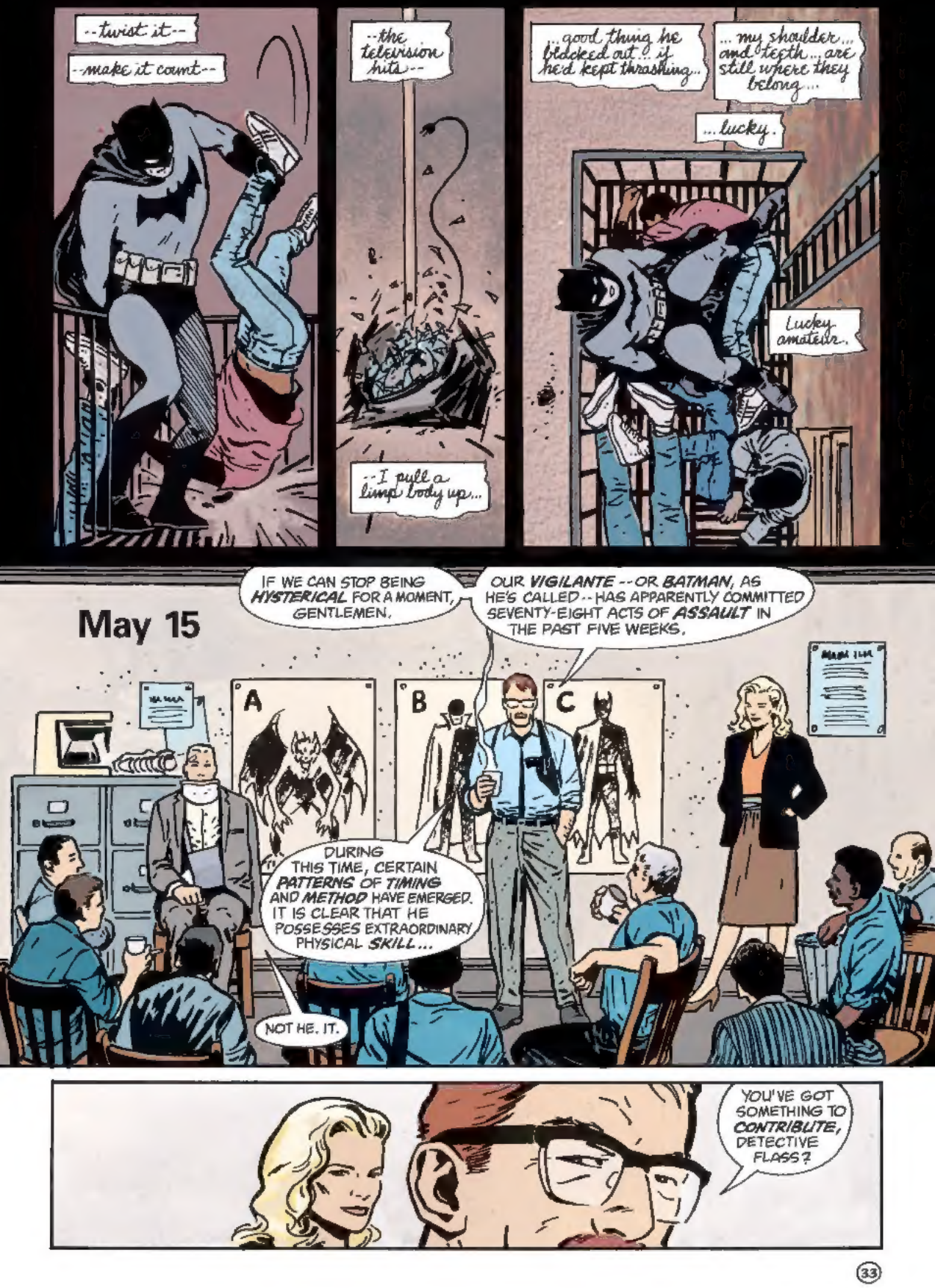
RINGG
...SAID YOU'D UNPLUG IT, JIM...
HONEY, I FORGOT... I'M SORRY...

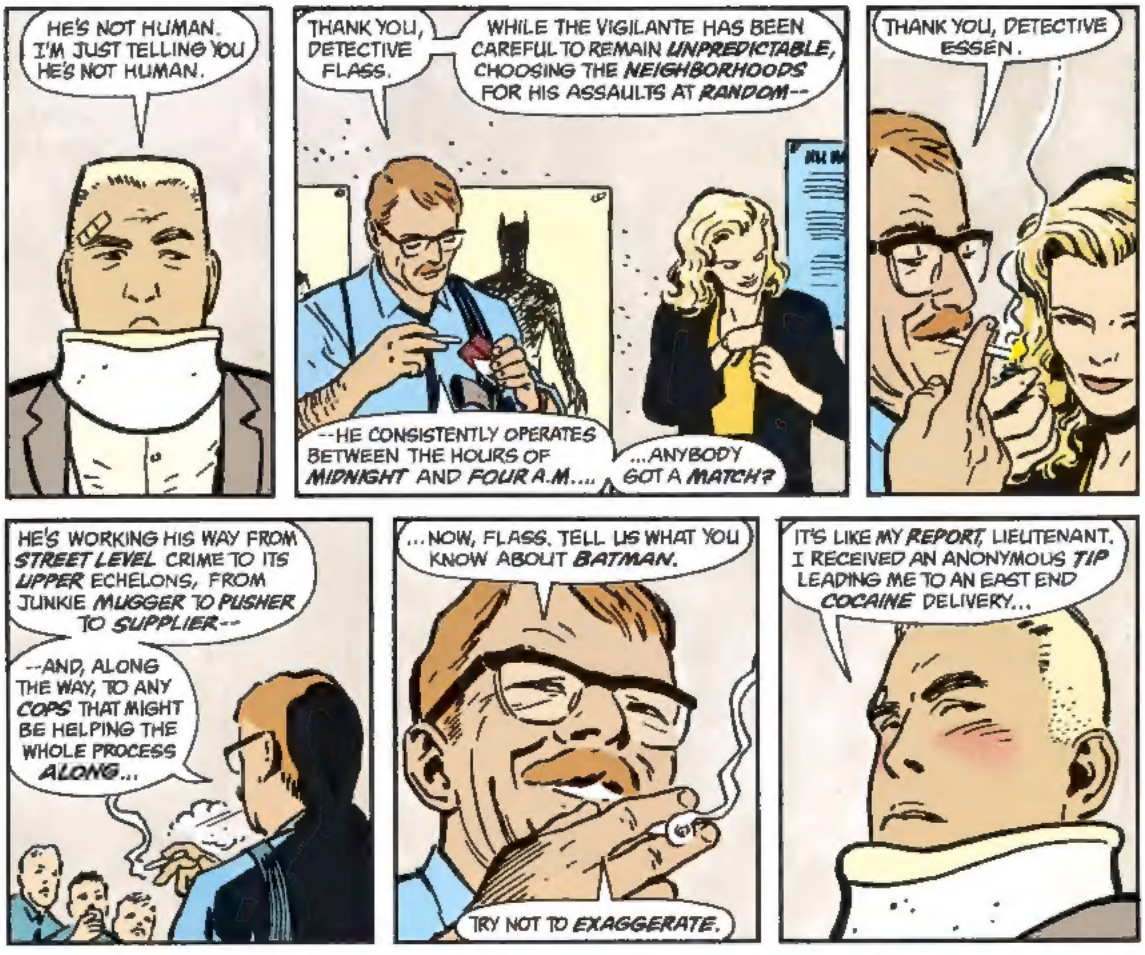
YES, SERGEANT.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD CALL THE ZOO.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL GET HIM.

IT'S MERKEL.
SOMETHING ABOUT A GIANT BAT.
CHICKEN WILL KEEP.

The costume works--better than I'd hoped.
They freeze and stare and give me all the time in the world...
...I come in close on the one who looks the strongest--throw him a growl I've brought all the way from Africa--
--and suddenly everything falls to pieces.
The one to my left calls for his mother--
--to my right the other collects his senses and leaps to position--he'll be trouble--
--the strong one gets scared--too scared--
--No--
--I'm no killer--
--he screams like a girl--
--can't be older than fifteen--
--a child--just a child--
--the one I was worried about takes his shot--
--he's trained--kick's got power--

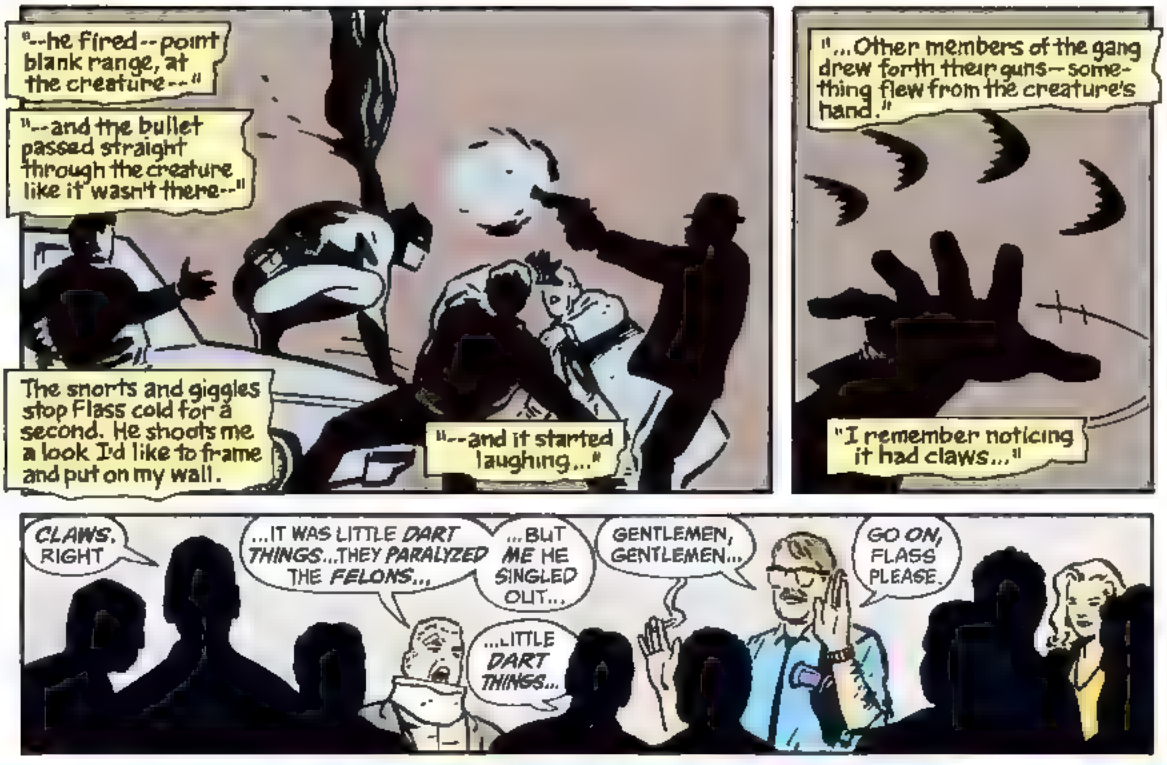
--he doesn't realize-- or he doesn't care --
--that if I let go--
--we're twenty stories up--
--again--
--this is getting bad--
--steady-- hold on--
--some of that one's nibble go--
--forget him--
The television--still hasn't hit the street--
--doesn't matter-- hold on--
--here he comes--
--brace-- with leg--
--now-- grab it--

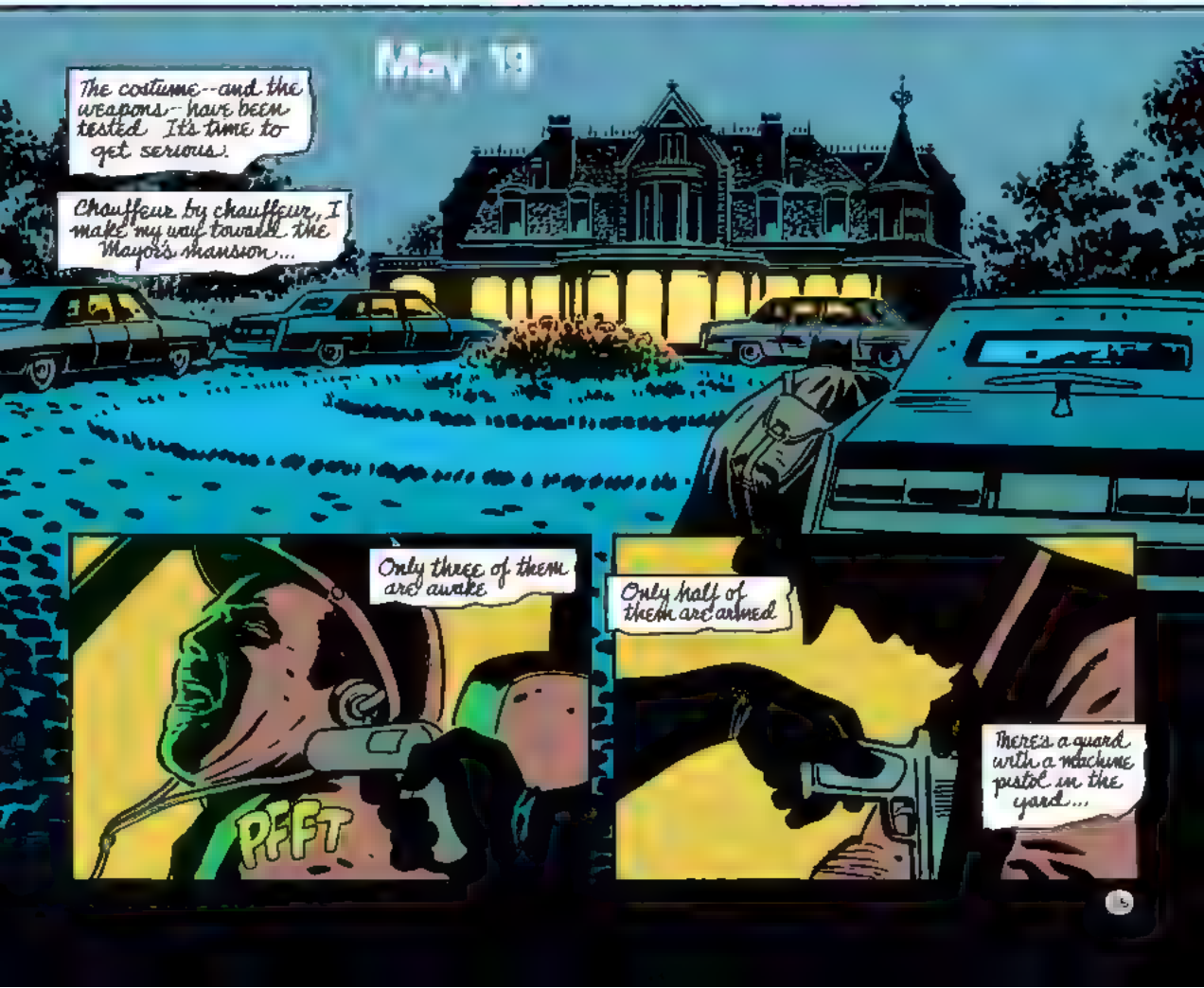

--twist it--
--make it count--
--the television hits--
--I pull a limp body up...
...good thing he blocked out... if he'd kept thrashing...
... my shoulder... and teeth... are still where they belong...
...lucky.
Lucky amateur.
May 15
IF WE CAN STOP BEING HYSTERICAL FOR A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN.
OUR VIGILANTE --OR BATMAN, AS HE'S CALLED-- HAS APPARENTLY COMMITTED SEVENTY-EIGHT ACTS OF ASSAULT IN THE PAST FIVE WEEKS.
A
B
C
DURING THIS TIME, CERTAIN PATTERNS OF TIMING AND METHOD HAVE EMERGED. IT IS CLEAR THAT HE POSSESSES EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL SKILL...
NOT HE. IT.
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO CONTRIBUTE, DETECTIVE FLASS?


HE'S NOT HUMAN. I'M JUST TELLING YOU HE'S NOT HUMAN.
THANK YOU, DETECTIVE FLASS.
WHILE THE VIGILANTE HAS BEEN CAREFUL TO REMAIN UNPREDICTABLE, CHOOSING THE NEIGHBORHOODS FOR HIS ASSAULTS AT RANDOM--
--HE CONSISTENTLY OPERATES BETWEEN THE HOURS OF MIDNIGHT AND FOUR A.M....
...ANYBODY GOT A MATCH?
THANK YOU, DETECTIVE ESSEN.
HE'S WORKING HIS WAY FROM STREET LEVEL CRIME TO ITS UPPER ECHELONS, FROM JUNKIE MUGGER TO PUSHER TO SUPPLIER--
--AND, ALONG THE WAY, TO ANY COPS THAT MIGHT BE HELPING THE WHOLE PROCESS ALONG...
...NOW, FLASS, TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT BATMAN.
TRY NOT TO EXAGGERATE.
IT'S LIKE MY REPORT, LIEUTENANT. I RECEIVED AN ANONYMOUS TIP LEADING ME TO AN EAST END COCAINE DELIVERY...

"...I was in the process of single-handedly apprehending the felons," says Flass, and coughs.
He looks around the room to see if anybody's going to challenge him, and goes on...

..."then I heard giant wings flap. It flew down from the sky--"
Somebody chuckles. Flass turns another shade redder.
"...one of the felons I had not yet disarmed produced a .357 magnum--"
"--its wings were about thirty feet across. It bellowed like...well, I've never heard anything like it..."


"--he fired--point blank range, at the creature--"
"--and the bullet passed straight through the creature like it wasn't there--"
The snorts and giggles stop Flass cold for a second. He shoots me a look I'd like to frame and put on my wall.
"--and it started laughing..."
"...Other members of the gang drew forth their guns--something flew from the creature's hand."
"I remember noticing it had claws..."
CLAWS, RIGHT
...IT WAS LITTLE DART THINGS...THEY PARALYZED THE FELONS...
...BUT ME HE SINGLED OUT...
...LITTLE DART THINGS...
GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN...
GO ON, FLASS PLEASE.

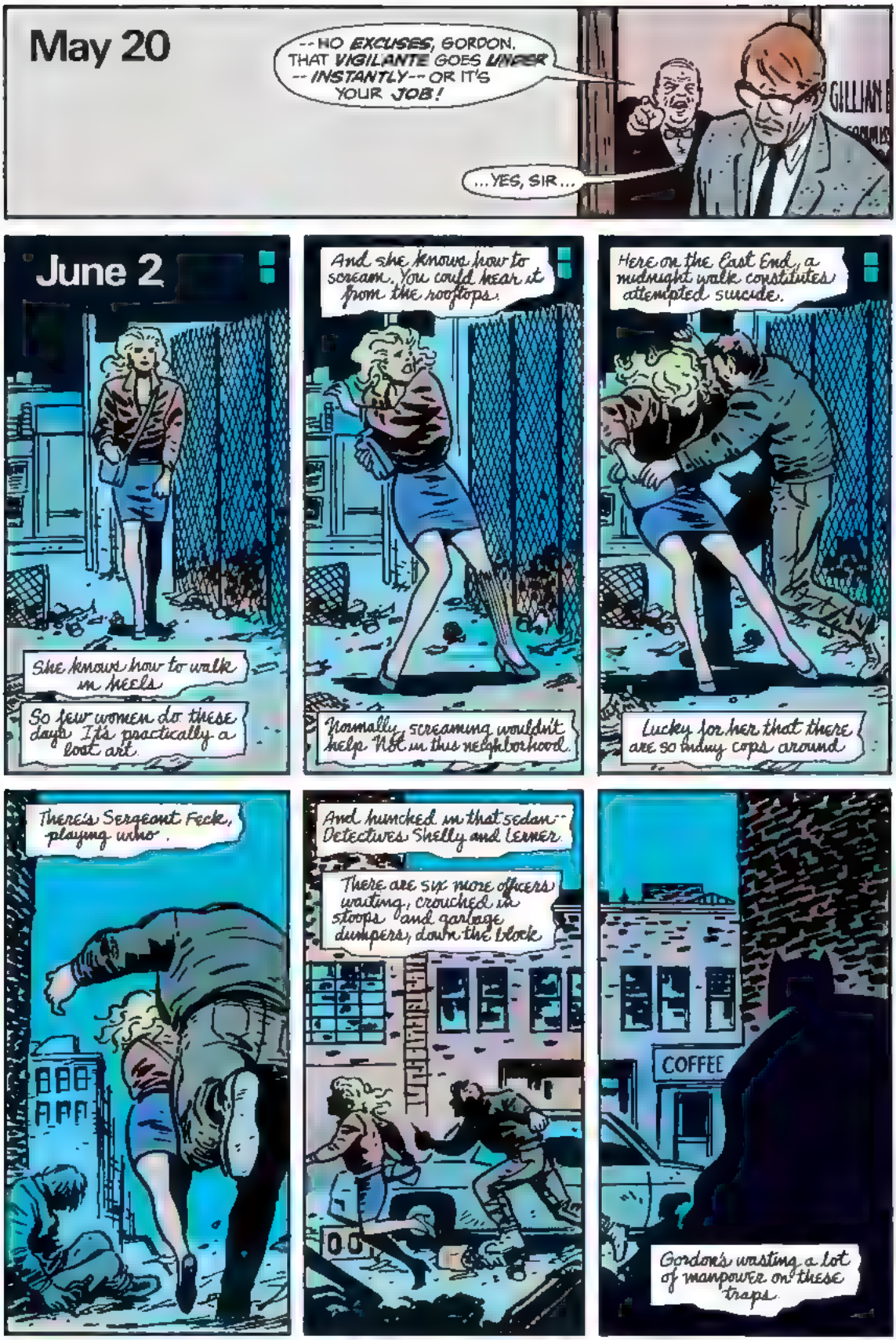

May '19
The costume--and the weapons--have been tested. It's time to get serious.
Chauffeur by chauffeur, I make my way toward the Mayor's mansion...
Only three of them are awake.
PFFT
Only half of them are armed.
There's a guard with a machine pistol in the yard...

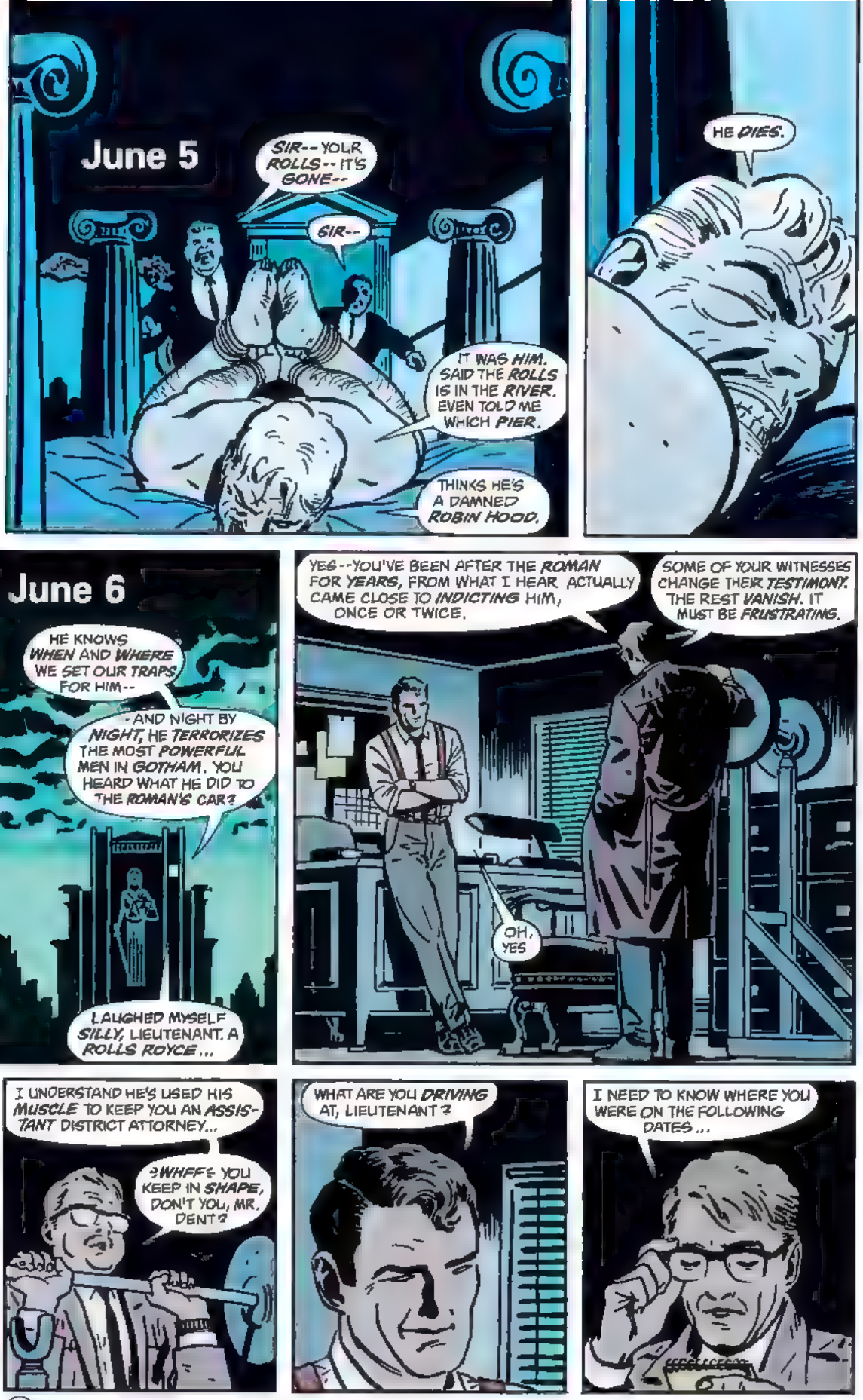
LIEUTENANT GORDON WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE.
BATMAN? I AM EATING, LIEUTENANT.
...NO, I HAVE NOT FILLED YOUR REQUESTS FOR PERSONNEL. I FIND THEM EXCESSIVE.
...YES, LIEUTENANT, I AM WELL AWARE OF HOW MANY LAWS THE VIGILANTE IS BREAKING. BUT THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING, AREN'T THERE?
Lieutenant Gordon I've been hearing his name often
All the right people seem to hate him
Flood's all set.
YES THERE ARE. AND THE BATMAN IS HAVING A POSITIVE EFFECT ON PUBLIC SPIRIT. OR HAVE YOU NOTICED THE DROP IN STREET CRIME THESE PAST WEEKS?...
..FURTHER, I AM NOT IN THE HABIT OF EXPLAINING MYSELF TO MY LIEUTENANTS.
I HOPE WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, GORDON.
HAVE YOU SEEN BATMAN, COMMISSIONER? THEY SAY HE'S HUGE...
YOU SHOULDN'T PRY, MARIAN. GILL HAS HIS HANDS FULL, THESE DAYS.
WE'RE TRUSTING HIM TO COPE WITH BATMAN--AND WITH GORDON.
AND I APPRECIATE YOUR TRUST, BOYS. YES I DO
GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL. IT'S BEEN A WHILE...
Not yet...

HELL, GILL. NOBODY WAS ABOUT TO COME NEAR YOU UNTIL THE POLLS WERE IN ON THE BATMAN THING.
DON'T GO CHEAP ON THE WINE, MARIAN.
CHARLIE THE THINGS YOU SAY
THE COUNCILMAN IS BLUNT ABOUT HIS CONCERNS. THIS IS AN ELECTION YEAR.
MY ORGANIZATION IS LIKEWISE CONCERNED, COMMISSIONER. BATMAN IS COSTING US MONEY.
TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING, FRENDS LOOK AT THE LONG TERM. A FEW STREET OPERATORS ARE PUT OUT OF ACTION, YES--
--BUT THE PEOPLE OF GOTHAM CITY HAVE A HERO. MAKES THEM FEEL SAFE. AND THE SAFER THEY FEEL, THE FEWER QUESTIONS THEY ASK
I DON'T LIKE IT IT'S STIRRING THINGS UP.
THAT KID DENT IS PUSHING INTERNAL AFFAIRS TO GO AFTER DETECTIVE FLASS.
FLASS WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO REPLACE. AND, SHOULD HE TALK...
DENT IS YOUR PROBLEM, FALCONE YES HE IS.
..NOW
WHAT THE HELL--
WHO THE--
GOD WE'LL ALL DIE--
THE LIGHTS WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS--
Now--take out the wall--
--but the flood--
--it's showtime--
SETTLE DOWN DAMN IT IT'S JUST SMOKE--
SOME STUPID PRANK--
POISON IT'S--
SHUT UP--
POOM!

LADIES, GENTLEMEN.
YOU HAVE EATEN WELL.

YOU'VE EATEN GOTHAM'S WEALTH. ITS SPIRIT
YOUR FEAST IS NEARLY OVER.
FROM THIS MOMENT ON--
--NONE OF YOU ARE SAFE.


May 20
--NO EXCUSES, GORDON. THAT VIGILANTE GOES UNDER --INSTANTLY-- OR IT'S YOUR JOB!
...YES, SIR...
June 2
She knows how to walk in heels.
So few women do these days. It's practically a lost art.
And she knows how to scream. You could hear it from the rooftops.
Normally, screaming wouldn't help. Not in this neighborhood.
Here on the East End, a midnight walk constitutes attempted suicide.
Lucky for her that there are so many cops around.
There's Sergeant Feck, playing who?
And hunched in that sedan-- Detectives Shelly and Lerner.
There are six more officers waiting, crouched in stoops and garbage dumpers, down the block.
COFFEE
Gordon's wasting a lot of manpower on these traps.

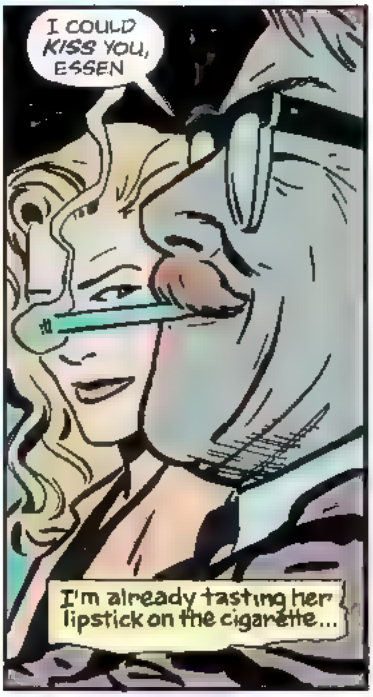

June 5
SIR--YOUR ROLLS--IT'S GONE--
SIR--
IT WAS HIM. SAID THE ROLLS IS IN THE RIVER. EVEN TOLD ME WHICH PIER.
THINKS HE'S A DAMNED ROBIN HOOD.
HE DIES.
June 6
HE KNOWS WHEN AND WHERE WE SET OUR TRAPS FOR HIM--
--AND NIGHT BY NIGHT, HE TERRORIZES THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN GOTHAM. YOU HEARD WHAT HE DID TO THE ROMAN'S CAR?
LAUGHED MYSELF SILLY, LIEUTENANT. A ROLLS ROYCE...
YES--YOU'VE BEEN AFTER THE ROMAN FOR YEARS, FROM WHAT I HEAR ACTUALLY CAME CLOSE TO INDICTING HIM, ONCE OR TWICE.
SOME OF YOUR WITNESSES CHANGE THEIR TESTIMONY. THE REST VANISH. IT MUST BE FRUSTRATING.
OH, YES
I UNDERSTAND HE'S USED HIS MUSCLE TO KEEP YOU AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY...
?WHFF= YOU KEEP IN SHAPE, DON'T YOU, MR. DENT?
WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, LIEUTENANT?
I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE ON THE FOLLOWING DATES...

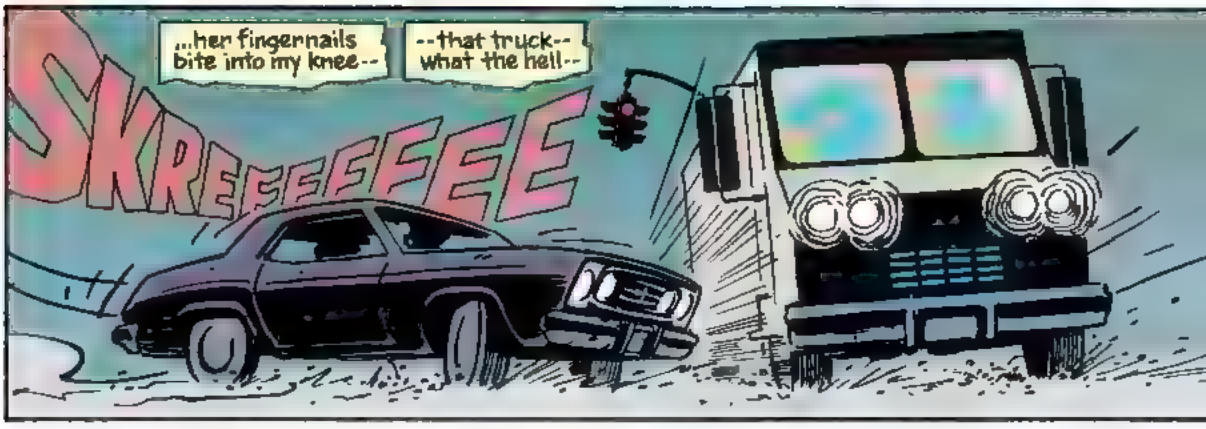
..THOUGHT HE'D NEVER LEAVE
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW

ALIBIS? DENT HAD ONE ALIBI, ESSEN. FOR EVERY DATE
SAYS HE WAS HOME BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND FOUR. WITH HIS WIFE. NO POINT IN QUESTIONING HER.
YOU REALLY THINK HE'S BATMAN, LIEUTENANT?

IT'S POSSIBLE. DENT CERTAINLY IS PASSIONATE ENOUGH
BUT IT'D TAKE MORE THAN MUSCLES TO FIGHT THE WAY BATMAN DOES--OR TO GET AROUND THE WAY HE DOES AND THOSE WEAPONS...
...I MEAN, HE'S GOT AN ARSENAL. HARD TO AFFORD ON DENT'S SALARY

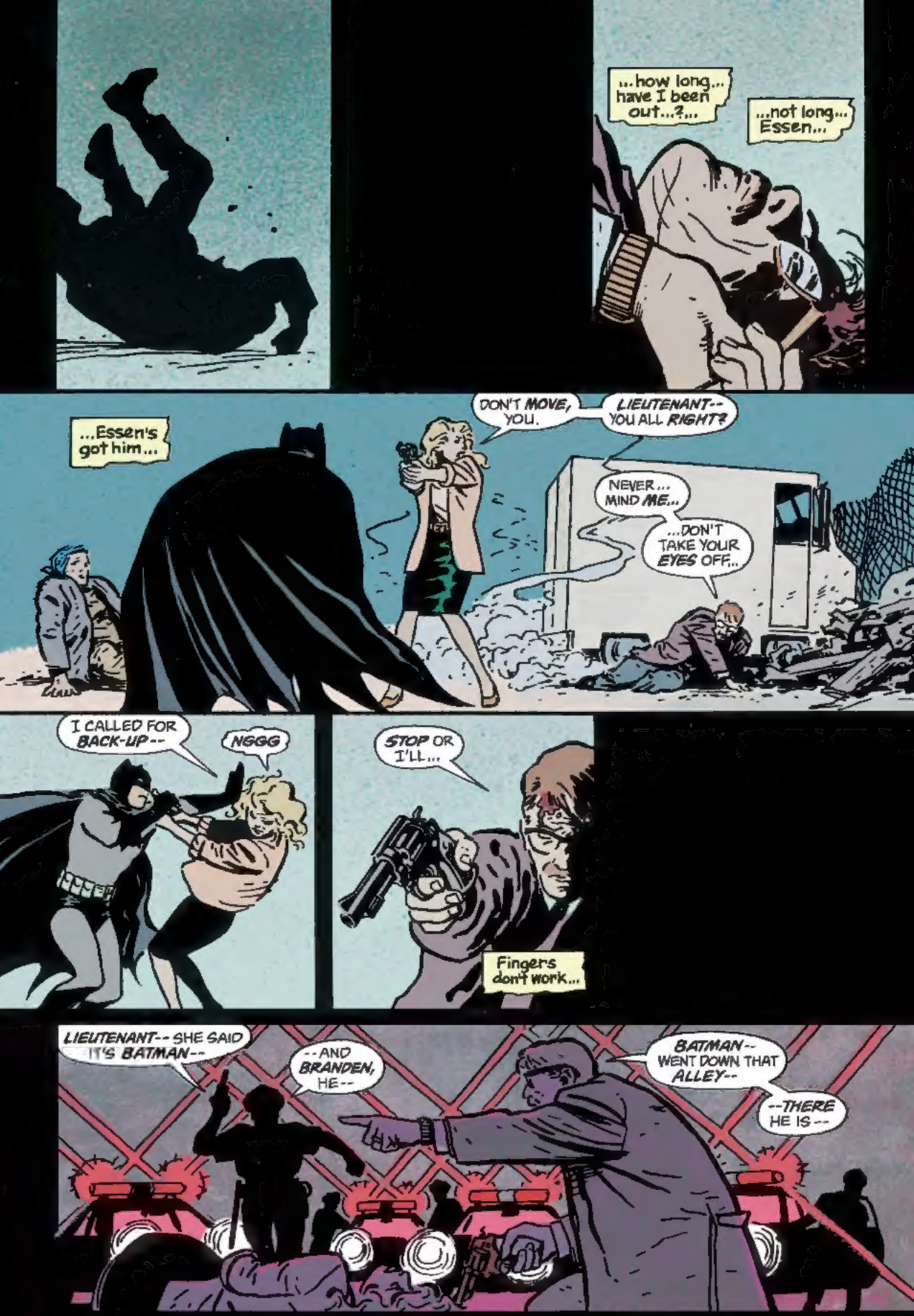
MONEY--LIEUTENANT... BRUCE WAYNE IS THE RICHEST MAN IN GOTHAM--AND--
--BEING FROM OUT OF TOWN, YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW THIS, BUT HIS PARENTS WERE MURDERED. BY A MUGGER, I THINK.
HE WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY AT THE TIME..

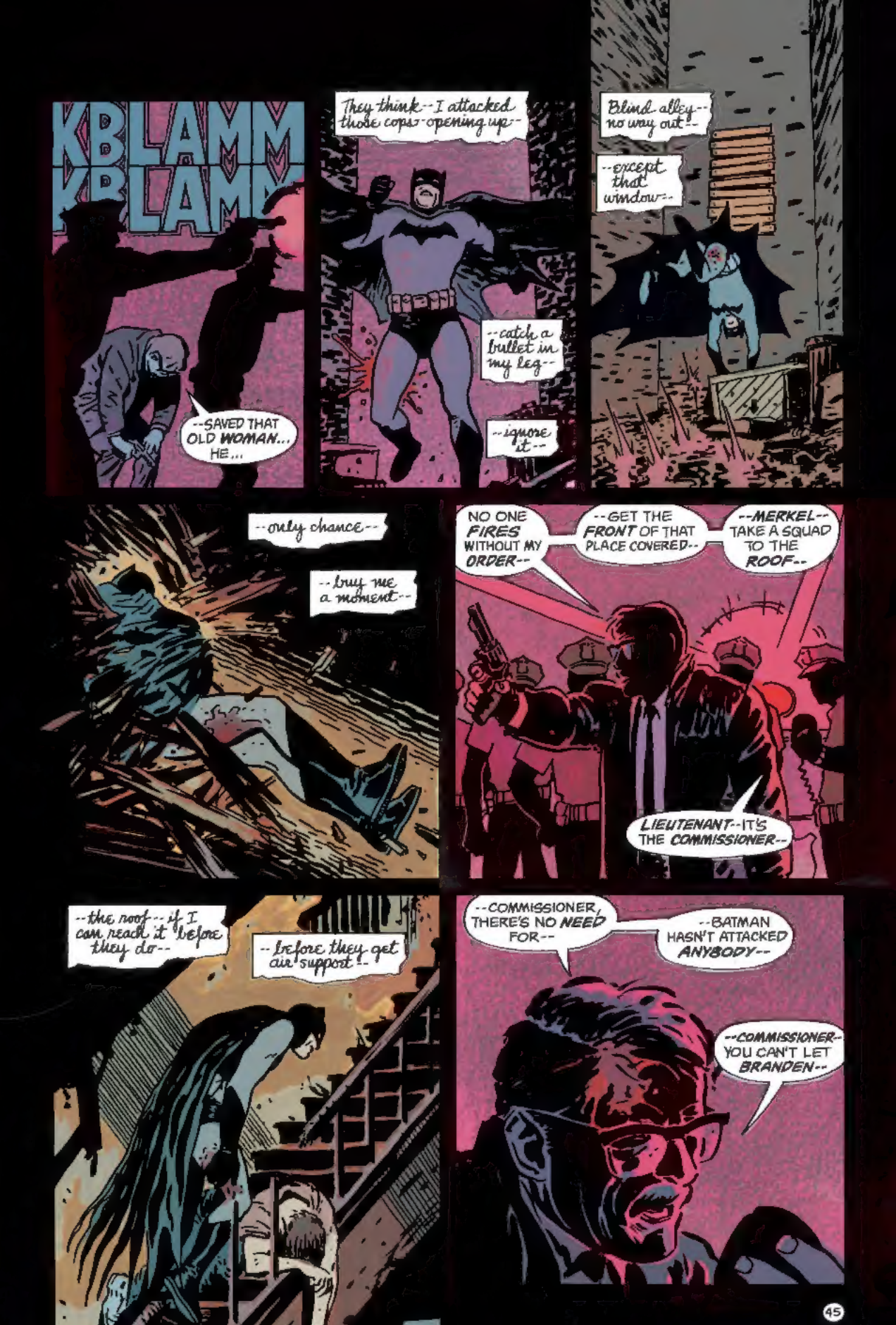

I COULD KISS YOU, ESSEN
I'm already tasting her lipstick on the cigarette...


...her fingernails bite into my knee--
--that truck--what the hell--
SKREEEEEEE

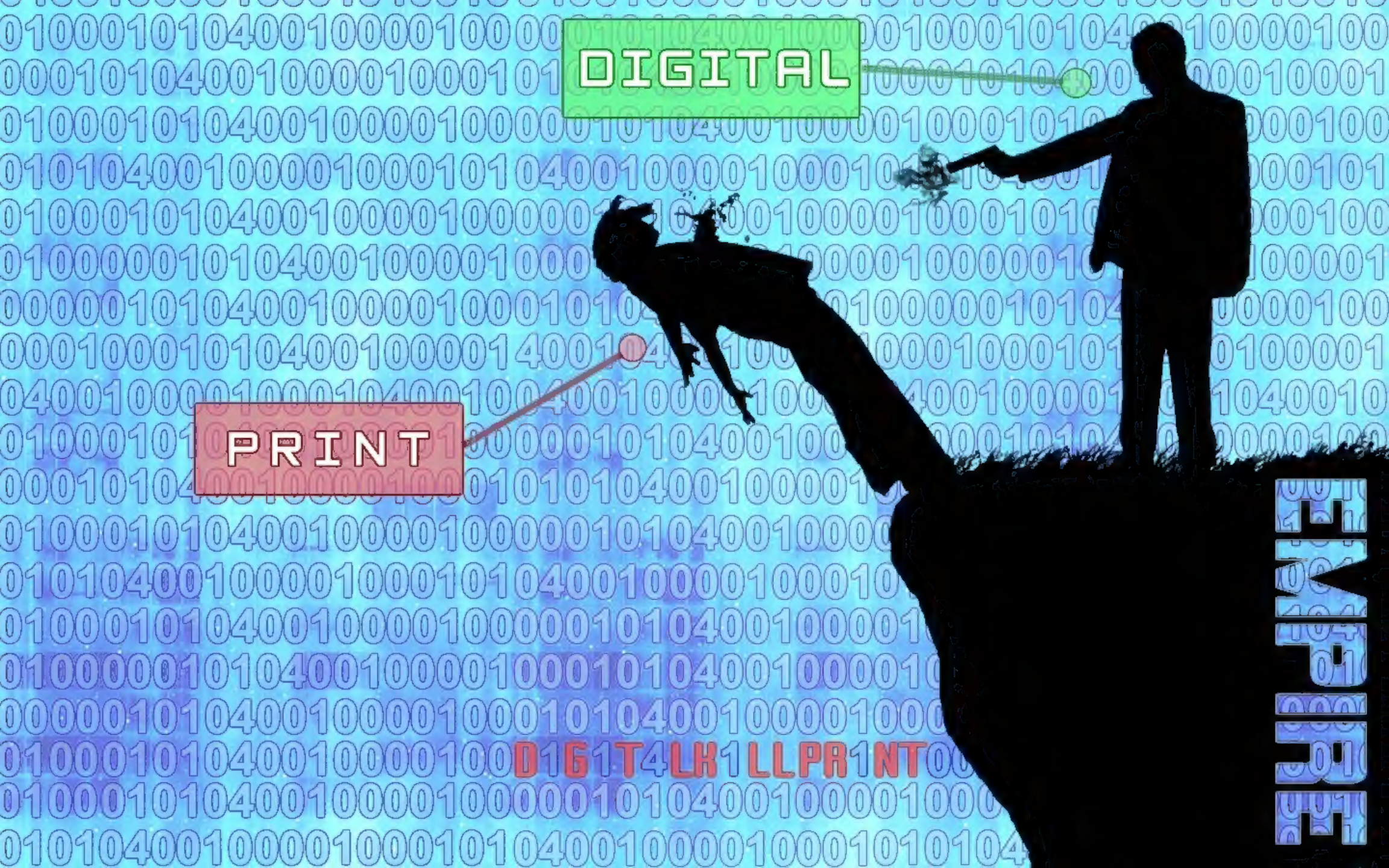
Maybe it's pills--
--maybe it's a heart attack--
--maybe it's both, but that doesn't matter--
--he's out of control-- his foot must be pressed to the accelerator--
--oh, no-- that old woman--
--can't let this happen--
SKREEEEE!
--come on you heap move--
LIEUTENANT--
TAKE THE WHEEL.

--damn--no time--
--no time--
--can't reach--
--no time--
--it's over I've blown it--


...how long... have I been out...?...
...not long... Essen...
...Essen's got him...
DON'T MOVE, YOU.
LIEUTENANT-- YOU ALL RIGHT?
NEVER... MIND ME...
...DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF...
I CALLED FOR BACK-UP--
NGGG
STOP OR I'LL...
Fingers don't work...
LIEUTENANT-- SHE SAID IT'S BATMAN--
--AND BRANDEN, HE--
BATMAN-- WENT DOWN THAT ALLEY--
--THERE HE IS--


KBLAMM
KBLAMM
--SAVED THAT OLD WOMAN... HE...
They think--I attacked those cops--opening up--
--catch a bullet in my leg--
--ignore it--
Blind alley--no way out!--
--except that window--
--only chance--
--buy me a moment--
NO ONE FIRES WITHOUT MY ORDER--
--GET THE FRONT OF THAT PLACE COVERED--
--MERKEL--TAKE A SQUAD TO THE ROOF--
LIEUTENANT--IT'S THE COMMISSIONER--
--the roof--if I can reach it before they do--
--before they get air support!--
--COMMISSIONER, THERE'S NO NEED FOR--
--BATMAN HASN'T ATTACKED ANYBODY--
--COMMISSIONER--YOU CAN'T LET BRANDEN--

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHU
NO. OH, NO.
The Commissioner didn't want to miss this chance.
Called in his friend Branden.
Said he checked the building.
Said it's due for demolition.
Said nobody would be hurt--
--nobody-- except a derelict or two--
--and Batman...
BATMAN
CREATED BY BOB KANE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